

N E W S O N G ⁽⁵⁰⁾
OF A

New WONDER

In the NORTH.

From the farthermost part of the North we have News
Of a man of some Note that receiv'd an Abuse:
For a Dog to be tof'd in a Blanket, 'tis known,
But alas, what is that to the Maior of a Town?
For a great Magistrate
To be us'd at that rate,
All the World must allow
It is very hard Fate.

Ah! is it not strange? amongst Wonders we rank it,
That the Maior of a Town shou'd be tof'd in a Blanket.

Had a drunken *Tom Tinker* the Pennance receiv'd,
Or a Vintner for stumming his Wine, who'd have griev'd?
Had they bolted a Baker for making light Bread,
Or a Taylor for snipping a Yard for a Shred;
Had it been but a Tapster
For Nicking and Frothing,
Wee'd been contented
To take it for nothing.

But as the case stands, who, alas! do' n't resent it,
And wish, now 'tis done, that it might be prevented?

Diogenes was said once to live in a Tub,
But a Tenement of Blanket is such an odd Jobb
For a man of his Rank, we must study the Fact,
Unless 'twas to mind him of the late Woollen Act.

However, 'twas unkind
In the midst of his State,
So to trouble his thoughts
With th' approaches of Fate.

For men when advanc'd to the height of their Glory,
Have something to dream on besides Purgatory.

For a new Convert in Relick to be wrapt,
To Secure him from danger, it often has happ'd;
But had this been such, in no Story we find
A Maior to cut Capors like a Witch in the wind;
Sure there's something exceeding
Must cause this extream;
Yet if we dare take it,
As Old Wives do Dream,

Unadvise'dly mistaking between waking and sleep
He pounded the Parson instead of his Sheep:
So in that cross humour they were forc'd for to shake him,
To shew him his Errour as soon as they wak'd him.

But now, to conclude, ah! Heaven be thank it,
The Maior had no harm that was tof'd in a Blanket.